favor. So eager were we to test ft-or rather

sparsely flecked with newly-opened bolls. The

apronful of precious stuff, now a veritable

THE MISSING DEED.

I am a Grant. I know there are other Grants. A clumsy Englishman once told me that Grant was a very common name. There are the Grants of Grant and the Grants of Dalvey, there are Grants in Edinburgh and Grants in London. Alas! the Grants are a dispherited race, for their grandfathers, it wents, always squandered the fortunes which they ought to have left to their sons. At least. I know that it was the case of my own grandfather. Had he not played ducks and drakes with my inheritance I should now have been-but there, I am content to be what I am, Grant of Tullybardane, and never a dearer or lovelier home had Scottish man to dwell in. My wife often laughs at ne for being so fond of the place. But then the strangest event of my life is bound up with its possessions And surely I may well remember and be thankful for that event for without it yonder lady with the silver hair would scarcely now have been sitting near me, and laughing at the follies of an old man as she does.

Five-ambthirty years ago I was living here in the grange at Tullybardane. The place had com to my father by bequest not many years before; and he had scarcely learned to the hird before he died and left it to I was only a boy then, and my mother and I were quite content with our lives in the new home. So there I lived and grew up to manhood, and there in the course of years I fell in love. Accordingly, one winter morning I rule across to Glen Levannoch, and and Mr. Fraser to give me his daughter to hem, wife. Of course I had found out befor hand that Miss Fraser was not unwilling to be given.

Well we had a long interview, and the recall in laif were these. I had left home tale confident, as one is wont to be at fine . Hwenty, and I returned about as dei-letarlindignant as any reasonable man Mr. Fraser was an old friend. He the of my guardians. He was my utor. I expected my declaration a believely welcomed. Tullybardane is a better here erty than Glen Levannoch. What was there to stand in our way! But when I come le k I felt like a man who has been some I by a treacherous blow. 'All of a sudde for the first time in my life, I learned that my title to Tullybardane was not beyond listate! I heard that a certain document had bog been missing from the title deeds, and that till that document was found I could more he entirely secure in my own home. But what was far worse, under the circumstances, Mr. Fraser informed me he could not encourage my suit for his daughter's

What followed I don't quite remember. I have a haunting fear that I lost my temper, and that on one side or the other a good deal of strong language was used. I know I swore I would never give Nellie up, not even and crop next day. Of course, it was very facilish, but then the circumstances were exceptional. When I got home I sent for the attorney, and for the next four days I did nothing, I think, except consult lawyers and look over papers and rummage every hole and corner of the grange for the missing ded. But what Mr. Fraser told me proved

In the week that followed I remember three things distinctly, not that they were themselves important, but that they bore upon that strange event which made a turning point in my life. The first is that I rode over bellen Levannoch and was told that Mr. and Miss Fraser had left home, to stay with friends th Elinburgh. The second is that my man feerige, who acted as footman and valet to m got drunk one night and left the house wide open-for which I have not ceased to thank Providence over since. Now, as a rule. I am lenient to these failings. Whisky, regret to say, has an attraction for men in these northern climates which few can resist. But, whether it was that I was out of sorts, or whether it was that my mother was alarmed, I don't know, but I resolved to make an example, and I turned the man out of the house the next day. The third incident was more important, and shall be told at

I am a good sleeper, I don't dream much, I but believe in dream warnings and such things. I have no faith in ghosts—though I know for a fact that my cousins the Mac Mocks have a banshee in their family-as a fact, I say. But about that time I used to try and dream of a certain lady, and so one might I fell asleep and I did dream. And this

is what I dreamed. I thought I was in Edinburgh, standing in Princes street (and let me find any street in England, or anywhere else which can compare with that) and waiting by the Wave ly monument. Opposite me was a hotel, which suppose I was watching, for out of it presently came, as clear and vivid as in life, Nelly Fraser, with a veil over her head; she rame slowly toward me and lifted her veil, revealing a face so white and miserable that I warcely knew it, and then, as I stepped forward, she raised one hand, and, pointing up to ross the gorge toward the High street hill, vanished into a moving mist. Then the shadows began to shift and shuffle themselves, and presently out came another vision from my dream. I was there still, standing, but all the surroundings had changed. I seemed to be in a sort of shop or office. A counter was before me, and all around me were thin phantom figures, with no features that I rould see. Only one among these misty thates had a visible human face. And that advanced toward me with a smile which I shall never forget. It was the face of a young man, slightly drooped, as if its owner were shy or deferential, with blue, bright was and gentle, handsome features, and fair hair, and lips that seemed to be made for laughter, and a smile that shone like a gleam

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And in a moment the face and forms had vanished. The darkness seemed to grow larker. I heard soft steps walking in the air. 1 felt as if a cold wind were blowing in my face. Suddenly I saw the chill sea shining afar off under the white stars. A voice that was bursh broke out in harsh laughter beside me,

Two days after I set out for Edinburgh, with three objects. I wanted to consult an emment advocate. I wanted to get a new servant. And I wanted, at least, to find out where the Frasers were.

I saw the great advocate, and he confirmed my fears. "Unless the missing deed is found, my dear sir." he said in his blandest accents, Your title is so defective as to be legally worthless should a rival claimant arise." I did not see the Frasers, but I got their adand I wrote one letter to the father and

four to the daughter. I engaged a new man servant in this way: that heed of a servant being pressing, I went, for the first and last time in my life, to a registry office. The shop lay in the south of the town, up beyond the High street, and when I entered it there were several subdue! looking beings, unfortunate applicants, I supprose, standing round. Behind the counter were a man and woman, and to the former, having a prejudice in favor of doing business " a my own sex, begotten, perhaps, of shyhas lapplied. He kept me waiting a long the then he looked over a prodigious r and read me out numerous applienthe which were perfectly uncless. At lett,

by ever, he came to one which I though would do. I told him so, and he thereupon wited me to wait a little longer, as the young man" in question was likely to call ortly. At first I refused, but on considera-1 decided to go out and have my hair cut then return to see if the young man were

When I came back some twenty minutes later the small office was full of people. As lettered something in the look of the place and the attitude of the figures struck me as familiar. But I dismissed the idea at once.

The shopman came to meet me.
The young man is here, sir," he said, and turned with a wave of his hand to a figure whind him. The figure advanced, It was the figure of a good-looking boy rather than of a man, slight and fair, and with the head a little drooping. As the boy raised his face to look at me I started back. Feature for feature, as clear as it could be, it was the face I had seen in my dream!

I don't know what followed; I don't know whether my conduct appeared very strange. I don't know what the boy said to me, or what I said to him. I have only a vague idea. that I generally assented to everything. And I know that when I went home to Tullybardane Sydney Loch went with me as my

Tullybardane is a desolate place. It lies it a narrow gorge which runs down straight to the shore. The hills slope up on either band, and end in tumbled rocks or caverns where the sea foam breaks and the sea waves sing. The old grange is a rambling house. From its windows you can look over the beach, and only the falling gardens separate you from it. On the right hand is the library. which faces down a long avenue of firs to the sea, and beyond the library stretches the deserted part of the house, which for five and thirty years I have been meaning to repair. The library was rather a gloomy room, communicating only by a long passage with the other inhabited parts of the house. Indeed, the whole house was rather lonely. For myself I never minded that, but I fancy it struck my new servant as a bit solitary and

Now, I must tell you about the doings of this young fellow. A day or two after my return, both my mother and I began to notice something strange about him. It was not that I did not like him, for I took a strong fancy to him at once, and here, five and thirty years after, he lives to this day, less, I think, of a servant to us than a faithful and trusted friend. But certainly his behavior was odd, and the first thing we observed was this.

One afternoon I was sitting with my mother in the drawing room. My mother had ordered tea. Personally, I am afraid of these unwholesome drinks, and never have taken to that surreptitious fashion of working in an extra meal in the afternoon. But I was sitting with her and talking very disconsolately. for I felt thoroughly depressed. Presently, Sydney came in with the cups of tea on a tray-a detestable plan of taking tea if you must take it, but one to which my dear mother was partial. He handed the tray to my mother, and he handed it to me. Then, to our surprise, he walked straight across the room to a big armchair that stood near the window, and handed the tray to the empty chair! But the armchair, or its invisible occupant, refused it, apparently, and the man withdrew.

I am endowed with a large fund of Scottish humor, and I burst out laughing. My mother was equally perplexed. "He must have thought there was some one sitting there," she said. "He must be very shortsighted, poor boy. It's very

strange." "He must be as blind as a bat," I answered, "or else has been playing a practical joke on us. I never saw anything so absurd

But in the next few days I was destined to see stranger things. I asked Sydney if he were shortsighted, but he denied the charge with warmth. And yet the more I watched him the more obvious was it that he was always meeting invisible people. Once, as I chanced to see him coming down stairs, I distinctly saw him draw back, pressing himself against the wall, as if to allow an invisible person to pass. Another time I saw him walk to the front door, open it, and hold it, as if for an invisible visitor to pass out. After that I could stand it no longer. I am the worst possible hand at fault finding with servants, but I was determined to have an explanation of this. So that afternoon I spoke

"Sydney," I said, bluntly, "are you given to seeing ghosts?" "I, sir!" he answered, with a smile of astonishment. "No, sir, I never saw a ghost in my

"Then, what do you mean," I broke out, "by behaving in the way you have been The boy started. Evidently he thought me off my head. I determined to speak more

"Then," I said, "who was that person you showed out of the house this morning?" I knew I had him there, for I was sure nobody "O, you mean the old gentleman in gray,

sir? He left no name. I thought, sir, he seemed to be at home in the house; I had seen him here so often, sir." Now it was my turn to stare. I was dumbfounded. I literally stammered for want of words. Then I showed what I have always thought was remarkable presence of mind. I turned around and walked into the dining room, telling the boy to follow. There poured out a glass of whisky and gave it to

"Drink that," I said, "and you had better Obviously he thought me as eccentric as l thought him. But he merely said, "Thank

you, sir," and drank the whisky. "Do you feel quite well?" I asked frigidly. "Quite well, thank you, sir." "Are you subject to delusions or hallucina-

"No, sir; never, sir," he answered promptly, with a lurking smile which he vainly tried That smile annoyed me. I broke out

"Then, what on earth do you mean," I cried, "by telling me this nonsense about a gentleman in gray?"

Sydney rose. There was some dignity in his manner. He spoke respectfully, but in an "I beg your pardon, sir, but I only told you about the gentleman who called, and I thought, sir, you might have seen him, for he

passed by you, and I fancied he nodded to you as he passed." Really, things had come to a pretty pass! Here was my own servant accusing me of seeing invisible phantoms which only existed in his own disordered brain!

But there, I will not repeat all the conversation that followed. I must say Sydney kept his temper wonderfully, for I lost mine. However, we had a long explanation, which ended in this way. The boy asserted positively that he had three or four times seen an elderly gentleman in gray walking about the house. He had seen him sitting in the drawing room with my mother. He had seen him in the passages up stairs and in the grounds outside. He had, he admitted, wondered who he could be, and had fancied that he must be some very intimate friend, or some one connected with the establishment. He had never heard him meal, certainly. He

had not as yet questioned any of the other servants about him. But then he had himself only been a few days in the house, and as yet did not know all the people about the place. When I told him that no one else in the house had ever heard of such a person Sydney was completely staggered. In fact, the only result of our conversation was to leave on the minds of each of us grave doubts as to the other's sanity, if not as to his own. But before we parted I made the boy promise me solemnly that the very next time he saw this mysterious figure he would summon me

Next day nothing happened, and I meditated dismissing Sydney. The day after, an event occurred which changed the current of my thoughts, which, thank God, altered my whole life since, and which has made Sydney Loch the most faithful friend I have.

It was late in the afternoon-a winter dusk. was upstairs in my bedroom, writing a etter to Nelly, vowing that I would never give her up, and yet seeing no prospect of ever being able to claim her for my wife. It was that hour when the day begins to pass into the night, and shadows have grown gigantic, and men's thoughts are turning toward dinner. Suddenly I was roused by a quick step and a knock at my door. I called out "Come in," and Sydney appeared on the threshold. He looked very pale and excited, as far as I could see him by the dim light of my candles, and he spoke in a strange voice. "He is here, sir, the old gentleman in gray

-in the passage." I jumped up, and was following him in a moment. It must have been well past 6 o'clock, and yet the lights in the corridor were still unlighted. I looked all round, but could see no one. "Where?" I said in a whisper; for I think the gloom and the boy's strange looks had frightened my common sense out of me. Sydney took me by the arm and pointed. felt he was trembling all over. And for my own part, an uncomfortable chill seemed to be creeping through my limbs.

"There, sir, there-don't you see him!-at the top of the stairs. He's beckoning us to I strained my eyes in the direction where he pointed, but could discern nothing. However. I caught hold of Sydney's arm and followed him silently, like a sheep. Why

did so I cannot at this moment conceive. The boy'led the way down stairs, apparently keeping his eyes fixed on something he could see in front. I held him blindly. We went down and across the hall, and then out of the front door into the cold air. It was quite dark outside, though one or two blurred stars were flickering palely, and the moon, I thought, was struggling behind a cloud. Round the house we went, faster and faster, into the gardens at the back, and down the slopes toward the sea. Sydney seemed to be dragging me along. Once I caught a glimpse of his face, and I saw it was deadly white, though his eyes were straining wildly after the phantom he was following. Still he went on and on. We was nearing the beach now, and I could hear the surf beating against the rocks and dimly see the white crests of the waves hanging in the foggy night. Now we were on the beach. I felt the seaweed under my feet and stumbled. Still the boy dragged me along. Now we must be on the brink of the water. I thought, and shivered. Then I put out my other hand and clutched at Sydney's arm.

"In God's name, where are you going?" I said, in a terrified whisper. The boy did not answer. He stopped dead. The darkness was thick about us. We were standing in a mist, and even the blurred stars had faded out. Suddenly I felt a wave break over my feet. And at that moment, hissing out and echoing across the darkness, there grated in my ears the sound of a harsh and hollow laugh-the very laugh I had heard in my dream!

The gloom was so dense that I could only see the outline of Sydney's body, though I was grasping him with my two hands. There was a perfect silence. Still I stood there motionless, rooted to the rocks. Then I felt the boy start off again, toward the house. Another wave washed up against my feet as I turned with him and began to ascend to the gardens again. The fog was growing thinner. Presently it parted, and a strong wind seemed to have risen suddenly out of the sea. Now I could distinctly see Sydney's eves still fixed on the invisible thing before him I could see, too, that we were mounting the pale avenue of fir trees, and from the distant windows of the library a dim light was casting shadows down upon our faces. But we did not make for those windows. My the deserted part of the house. I felt utterly spellbound. I seemed to have lost all power of volition. I believe I should blindly have

followed that boy to my death. We had plunged into a labyrinth of shadowy rooms, leaving the outer air. How we got into that part of the house I cannot tell. I had not been there for years. Sydney could never have been in it, and he led me on rapidly, and never faltered or hesitated once. I think that the moon must have come out, for there was a faint light shining through the windows as we passed, and by that light he guided me. We crossed several empty rooms and passages, and at last came out into a long corridor. That, too, we traversed. At the further end a door opened before us. I stepped through it into my own library, and stood there in the lamplight, gazing

He, too, had paused. But he never spoke a

stupidly into Sydney's face.

word, nor looked at me. His eyes were fixed on a tall bookease in a corner of the room. Presently he began to move slowly toward it. and I, still holding him, followed. Then, as we approached it, to my utter amazement. the whole bookcase swung back upon its hinges, revealing a small closet, which I had never seen before, with some dusty rolls of paper lying on a shelf within it. With a weird cry Sydney sprung forward, wrenching himself from my grasp. He seized the papers, and, turning, thrust them into my hand. Then, with his face as white as snow and eyes distended, he raised one arm and pointed to the window. In another moment he had tottered back and fallen on the floor. But I was already at the window. In my frenzy I dashed my shoulder against it. The fastening gave way. The glass came crashing down about me. I was outside, standing in the chill, blue night. Round me the wind was whining and blustering. The fog had melted away. Overhead the stars were burning golden. The banished clouds had gone. But no sign of any human figure, man or ghost, was there. Only the desolate avenue, with its fir trees, bending over it, and at the far end, in the dimness, the high moon over the whitened sea!

When I went back into the library I found Sydney in a dead faint on the floor. I rushed to the bell and rang it till its tones went pealing and clashing through the house. Then I raised the boy in my arms and carried him easily into the lighted hall. The blood from the cuts of the broken glass was running freely down my face and hands. But I did not mind it, for I felt as if life had suddenly come back to me. And when my mother and the servants came out and gathered, startled and lamenting, round us, I fell on my knees beside the boy and wept as I never wept, I think, before that day or since.

I have no more to tell. The closet in the library opened, I found, by a secret spring, but what hand opened it that terrible night I

never knew. Among the papers which Sydney had thrust into my hand was the long lost document which confirmed my title to the estate. Sydney was for long very ill, but at last, with careful nursing-I know my mother and I did all we could for him, and somebody else, who shall be nameless, did more than we-he recovered, and has ever since remained with me. Neither of us ever spoke much of the things we had seen that winter day. The mystery of my inheritance is a mystery still, and men will bury it ith us in our graves. Only this I know and will tell you, that from that hour to this Sydney has never seen a ghost again. So I am Grant of Tullybardane, and the heiress of Glen Levannoch is my wife. - C. E. Mallet in Belgravia.

COFFEE IN THE CONFEDERACY.

The Various Substitutes Tried in Turn.

Cotton Seed as a Beverage. Coffee had been almost the sole table beverage of the south, and no privation caused more actual discomfort among the people at large than the want of it. There was nothing for which they strove so eagerly and unceasingly to procure a substitute. Few, indeed, were the substances which did not, first and last, find their way into the coffee pot. Wheat, rye, corn, sweet potatoes, peanuts, dandelion seed, okra seed, persimmon seed, melon seed are but a few of the substitutes which had their turn and their day. "A fig for the difference between Ri-o and ry-e," said the wits. "Eureka!" cried an enthusiastic newspaper correspondent. "Another of the shackles which holds the south to the commercial thrall of the world is severed. Let South America keep its Rio and the antipodes its Java. It is discovered to be true beyond peradventure that as a beverage the seed of the sea island cotton cannot be distinguished from the best Java, unless by its superiority; while the seed of the ordinary variety is found to be not a whit behind the best Rio." What a flutter of excitement and joy it raised in many a household-and doubtless the scene in ours was typical-to find that the great national plant, the very symbol of the Confederacy, was indeed so many sided! It gave us greater confidence, if it were possible to have greater, in the power and possibilities of the south, now that cotton, the great king, had had another crown laid on his brow. So opportune was the discovery, too, that it

struck us as almost a divine revelation, indito women in one way or another. cating the interposition of Providence in our

LINEMAN'S LIFE.

to confirm it, for it was too good not to be true-that we could not await meal time. Residing in North Carolina and up the country, we had never seen any sea island cotton, but READY TO GO. the prospect of being confined to Rio was by no means appalling. A pickaninny was forth-with hurried off to the cotton patch, then

manna was hardly indoors before a dozen hand of all sizes and colors were tearing, pick-Lineman's Control. ing at the discredited fiber, in quest of the more priceless seed. The Rio was made and drunk. Despite the sorghum sweetening, the verdict was unanimous in its favor. I hope of took upon the floor. that the communication of this stupendous discovery to our neighbors added as immense the Western Union manager. ly to our happiness as to our self-importance.

But if in the last respect we sinned, retribution could not have been laggard; for although, owing to the fact that happily the recollection of disappointments and humiliations is less abiding than the opposite feelings. I am unable to tell exactly why and when we returned to parched bran, it is nevertheless true that we did. Recipes for making "coffee without coffee" when the real article was alluded to, strong

emphasis on the word left no doubt as to which kind was meant-were extensively advertised in the newspapers, and in some instances sold by canvassing agents. But rye, okra seed and meal or bran held in the long run the popular favor. Those who could afford an infinitesimal quantity of the real article, counted out by the grain to flavor the substitute, were the envy of the neighborhood. A cup of pure, genuine coffee would in the eyes of many have been an extravagance akin to Cleopatra's famous draught itself. The contents of a small gourd, which held our entire stock of the genuine article for many months before the close of the war,

must have gone towards the making of an incredible lake of coffee - David Dodge in Atlantic Monthly.

Abraham Lincoln in War Times. I vielded to the temptation and found the president most kind and courteous. A glance was sufficient to dissipate the impression of Lincoln's unseemly levity amid scenes of horror which had been produced in England by the repetition of his jokes and apothegms. Care and anxiety never sat more visibly on any mortal brow. His love of mournful poetry was a proof that the natural temperament of the man was melancholy, and his face showed that he felt the full responsibility of his terrible position. I know not whether there was any particle of truth in the story that after Chancellorsville he meditated suicide, but l can well believe that Chancellorsville went to

his heart. The little stories, one or two of which he told in the interview I had with him, were simply his habitual mode of expression, and perhaps at the same time a relief for his surharged mind-a pinch, as it were, of mental snuff. - It is needless to describe Lincoln's figure, or the homeliness of language which when the theme was inspiring, became, as in the Gettysburg address, the purest eloquence, Democracy may certainly point with triumph to this Illinois "rail splitter" as a proof that high culture is not always necessary to the making of a statesman. Indeed, Lincoln's example is rather dangerous in that respect. The roots of his statesmanship were his probity and right feeling, which are not the invariable characteristics of the western politician.—Goldwin Smith in Macmillan's,

Overdoing the Cheap Book Business. Every foreign novel, no matter whether there was a reasonable chance or not that it would have any sale, has been grabbed at the earliest possible moment by three to six of the "Library" publishing firms and hastily thrown upon the overstocked market on terms that allowed the retailers to return unsold copies. So complete have the mechanical resources of the pirates become that in three establishments the entire work, including typesetting, printing and binding is done by machinery. The stolen matter can be rushed through the great mills in ten hours when driven at the quickest. The celerity of the process has tempted the publishers to a vast overproduction. A member of one firm declares that not more than one book in twenty in the cheap libraries repays the cost of issue, and that, even with the most popular novelists' stories, duplicate piracy divides the profit into small portions.-New York Cor.

A Londoner's Opinion of Beecher. Mr. Beecher astonishes me even more in private than in public. The superabundance of his conversation, the multitudinousness of his allusions; his interest in all public questions and concerns, his never-ceasing humor, his anecdotes, which are even surpassed by his own illustrations, all these conspire to constitute a companion such as we can bet hope to enjoy very rarely in this world .- Dr.

REUNITED.

Once again they two are standing, Hand in hand, clasped firm and fast-Once again their hearts are throbbing With the rapturous words, "At last!"

All the past is now receding, With its weary weight of pain. And the years are backward rolling With their hopes so frail and vain.

All the waters are subsiding That were once so flerce and drear, And the grains of sand are shining On the shore of Hope so near. Now they moor their long-tossed vessel

To the strand so clear and bright, While the dawn creeps slowly upward, Out of darkness bringing light. Out of shadow bringing sunshine-Out of sorrow blessed rest;

Knowing that the burden had been Sent by Him who knoweth best. -Julia G. Gilbert. Letters Asking for Deadhead Tickets.

"Look at that basket over there," said comic opera manager the other day. "It is filled with letters received during the week asking for deadhead tickets. Gaze at some of these letters. There is a lady who writes that she is cultivating a taste for music, and has two children who can play the piano. 'Will I be so kind as to send her four front seats for the matinee? She would pay for them but her expenses,' and so on. The last line intimates that 'the fourth seat is for a friend who will help mind the children.' Needless to relate. I have not the slightest acquaintance with the woman. Here is a bundle from men who have met, or say they have met, me at different times, all asking for one, two or four seats.

"This is from the proprietor of a fashionable singing school, informing me that, as her pupils are the daughters of society people, and young ladies who should be taught to appreciate the opera, it would be wise for me to send her a proscenium box, so that she can bring a dozen or so of her girls to have their taste for artistic music cultivated'-at my expense. This little lot of letters here are from persons from whom I have accepted some small courtesies, are many of them rich people who can afford to pay, and the rest are from ushers of the house, servants of the hotel, and nearly everybody and anybody who has in any way waited on me or sold me anything. Why should the man who sells me cigars, or the boy who cleans my boots, or the bill poster who charges me an exorbitant price expect me to give him the tickets which I sell to pay my salaries."-Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Herr Rubenstein's Net Profits: On his journey through Paris to St. Petersburg, Herr Rubenstein, it is said, informed friend that his net profits in the 106 "historical" and other recitals which he has given since last October amounted to, in round numbers, £20,000.—New York Sun.

There are now only three colleges-Yale, Amherst and Williams-which are not open

ALWAYS AT WORK AND ALWAYS

Monding Wires in a Thunderstorm-A Man Killed by Lightning Twenty Miles Away-Locating a Break-Beyond the

"Well, that's about the worst trip I ever had, Mr. Stephens," said Smith Bryce, the Western Union lineman, as he threw his kit "How's that, Smith?" asked Mr. Stephens, "Oh, the lightning was bad. It was ter-

rible, It beat anything I ever saw; It knocked my plyers out of my hands, and one time threw them fifty feet. It knocked me down twice, and made me dance a threeminute jig. It took my tools away from me and laughed at me when I made the second attempt to join the ends of the wire. I tell you I have been in many storms. I have spliced wires in the dark, with lightning running by so rapidly that I could not have seen the wires but for the bright current on them. I have been thrown from the top of a high pole, and I have been made hold my hands wide open by the current on the wire, despite my effort to shut them, but I never had such an experience as I had this morning just be fore day, four miles this side of Macon. The lightning played along the wires in streams and fashes; it rolled in balls, it jumped in lumps, it cut all kinds of funny tricks, and it resisted nearly every attempt I made to splice the broken places."

"You see," said Mr. Stephens, interrupting the lineman, "that the Macon wire was broken yesterday, and Smith went down the road to fix it, and when he reached the broken wire he was in a thunder storm and had some trouble fixing it."

"He didn't fix it while it was lightning?" "Oh, yes; they don't mind a little lightning. It knocks them silly sometimes, and once in a while kills a man. But a lineman gets used to that sort o' thing, and finally plays with lightning as the bird with a snake that is charming it."

"Then a lineman's life is interesting?" "It is. Now there's Smith. He has been here during twenty years, and during that time has had more electricity pass through him than would be necessary to tear Atlanta into splinters. Since he has been here two linemen have been seriously hurt and two have been killed. About four years ago we had one killed up the Air Line road a out twenty miles. You see, the wire was in two. and after we had located the trouble the lineman took a helper and went up. They found the broken wire and began splicing it, but while they were at work lightning struck the wire and killed the lineman and knocked his as black as could be. Then, since then, Smith went out on the State road with another lineman, and while they were at work lightning hit the wire and killed the lineman, and Smith came home badly used up. Why, just where the men were working that time it was as clear as crystal. There was not a cloud to be seen, and the lightning which killed the man was twenty miles away."

"TWENTY MILES AWAY!" "Yes, twenty miles away. The men were working near Big Shanty, and way up above Cartersville a big storm was raging. The lightning struck the line and followed it for twenty miles, when it came to the end of the wire, which the lineman was holding in his hand, and killed him."

"Yes," said Smith. "I had hold of the wire. too. He had it at the end, and the shock passed over the wire through my hands before it reached him. Why, the instant I felt it my hands sprung wide open, and before I could look around the poor fellow was on the ground dead, and I was whirling like a whirl-

"Then a lineman's life is in danger?"

"Constantly. He is always at work and always ready to go. You see, we measure the telegraph wires by ohms-not inches, feet or miles. For instance, the wire from here to any point is so many ohms. Now, if we have any trouble in securing connection, say with Chattanooga or Macon, an operator goes to the instrument and tries the 'pressure.' If it shows half the number of ohms the wire is entitled to we know the wire is down, broken, or out of order half way to Chattanooga. The lineman is called up and told where the trouble is. He takes a dozen glass insulators, a coil of 100 feet of wire, a saw, hatchet, and other tools, and board the first train. Maybe he was just returned from a three or four days' trip, and is tired and hungry. This makes no difference. The wire must be fixed, and, without seeing his family, he jumps on the first train and goes. As he nears the place where the trouble is located, he pulls the bell cord, the train stops and he jumps off. It may be at the dead hour of night, or it may be at noon. It may be clear or it may be raining hard. It may be warm or it may be cold. It may be in an open field or it may be in the woods. These things the linemen can't control, and after he hits the ground he hunts the broken place, mends the wire and sits down on the cross tie until a train comes along. He don't care which way that train is going. He wants to get out of the woods, and, without cere-

mony, flags the train down and gets on." "But don't the railroad company object?" "Oh, no. You see we have a contract with all the railroads which allows us this right,

and it is the secret of the Western Union's success "Do the linemen pay their fare?" "No, they have annuals. Now, there's Smith—the only colored man in the south who has annuals over all the roads in Georgiawith a pocketful of annuals."-Atlanta Con-

Americans Meddling with the Weather. It is not alone Guibollard—the present butt of the French wits-who thinks Columbus made a mistake in discovering America, since it is from this country that Europe gets its bad weather. The London correspondent of The Iron Age, speaking of the favorable crop prospects in England should the good weather continue another week or two, says: inevitable 'American storm' has been telegraphed, and is due with us two or three days hence. Your storm warnings are no doubt sent to us with the most beneficent intentions, but there are those who wish you would 'leave our weather alone.' I remember a year or two ago asking an old boatman on the beach at Yarmouth what he thought of the weather. He replied that he 'didn't knaw nawthin' 'bout it.' One time he used to be able to see a little ahead in respect of weather, but 'since them Americans' had managed things he couldn't make nawthin of it."-Chicago News.

Her Majesty Rides No More. The stud of the empress of Austria is to be brought to the hammer, to her majesty's great regret. She obeys the doctor's orders by riding no more. - New York Sun.

Three Musical Instruments in One. The plenisphone, an instrument that unites the tones of the violin, viola, 'cello and double bass, is a recent invention of a Buffalo mu-

Brandy Adulteration in Bordeaux.

In Bordeaux there are over 3,000 houses engaged in making, selling and exporting wines of all kinds and qualities, the processes of blending, adulterating and counterfeiting having helped to call them into existence. In Cognac the habit of falsifying brandy has given a certain stimulus to the trade, and there are now over 200 merchants engaged in it in a large or small way, principally the latter. The brandies they make may contain some percentage of that made from grape juice, or none at all. As a rule they are made with imported alcohols and other liquids of unknown character, a cognac flavor being added which

would deceive all but experts. The imitation brandies can be made and sold at a few francs a bottle, and they are largely consumed in France itself.-Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

The Largest Camera Ever Made. A Boston amateur photographer has just had made by a New York firm the largest camera ever made in this coun try. It carries a plate 24x36 inches, and cost \$350.

Delmonico Supping Away from Home. Charles Delmonico, I remember, used to eat only the simplest kind of food, and he always drank vin ordinaire with his meals. His cellars were stocked with the richest and heaviest of wines, and his kitchen produced the greatest feats of cookery ever known. But his dinners generally consisted of a few raw oysters, a bit of rare roast beef, two or three plainly cooked vegetables, and a pint of his own cheapest claret. His nephew, who now wears the name of Charles Delmonico, and runs the big restaurant, car be found at 12 or 1 o'clock almost any night, in some oyster or chop house, taking his supper, rather than eat at his own table. He seems a very nice young fellow, by the way. He is extremely quiet and unostentatious, and he enjoys life in a rational and gentlemanly

But one who did not wholly understand the eccentricities of the human stomach would be apt to wonder at seeing young Delmonico give his preference to some other restaurateur's badly cooked chop or steak rather than take his midnight meal in the most celebrated eating house in the world But all men, and women, too, I fancy, are more or less uncertain and fitful in the mat ter of eating. Give them hotel and restaurant life for six months, and they will yearn for home cooking. Give them home food for an equal period, and they will go into a restaurant and consume an inferior meal with the utmost relish. Odd folks we are. - New York Cor. Boston Herald.

Description of an Expensive Album. A photograph album as is an album has been completed in New York, and is thus described: Just before Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt went to Europe this spring she had Mr. Mora, the well-known photographer, prepare probably the finest photographic album ever made. It was nearly a yard in length, and almost as wide, with heavy clasps. There were four large pictures about eight inches square on each page. The photographs were of the guests who attended the great and never-tobe-forgotten ball in masquerade costume. As a souvenir of the occasion and work of art it

is invaluable. It is worth about \$2,000. The first picture is of Mrs. Vanderbilt in her beautiful costume, surrounded by white doves. Two conspicuous pictures are of Lady Mandeville in a handsome court dress, surrounded by a frame representing an old picture. Another particularly attractive picture is of Mrs. James Brown Potter as a mandolin player. The story of many a life may be read London society to the utmost just now, and are entertaining each other. All three are expected back to this country about the same time. Lady Mandeville has not been here for over two years. They all go to Newport .-

Too Long for a Stage Wait. The following story is told of an eminent physician who watched Mary Anderson do the part of Juliet. The performance delighted him till towards the conclusion of the play, when his countenance wore a troubled expression. When it was over he went to the actress. "My dear young lady," he said, "you are wrong in one of your effects. Don't you know that a corpse doesn't stiffen for at least six hours after death?" "My dear doctor," responded Mary, slowly, speaking in deep, rich tones, and adopting a strong American twang, "do you think I'm going to keep my audience waiting six hours while I stiffen?"-Pall Mall Gazette.

A Lesson for a Husband. Half a century ago one of our former meek and harmless citizens had a virago for a wife. Being asked how he was able to live with her, he answered: "I have no trouble. When she says 'yes' I say 'yes.' When she says it is cold, I say 'yes, mother, it is cold.' Often she woke me up in dark and stormy nights and would say: 'Just see how bright the moon and stars are.' I always said 'yea.' She would then turn over perfectly satisfied, go to sleep and be happy." Many a husband can learn a lesson from this example.-Palmer Journal.

Something Better Than a Glass Eye. French surgeons have succeed in replacing glass eyes with the front part of rabbit's eyes. The coat is stitched fast to the ball of a sightless human eye and made to adhere, so that it causes no further trouble and looks as well as the natural eye. It le, of course, sightless, but is far less bother than a glass one. - Medical Journal

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